

ADDICTION

A Charity Addison Fanzine



Forward

Thank you so much for supporting the AddiZine! It has been so lovely, to meet and get to know so many Addison fans in course of running this project! The sheer idea of personifications of internet advertisements is such a cool concept, and the potential for a tragic past with Spamton involved has made the colourful little guys all the more interesting! We hope you will enjoy the fruits of the collaborative work of so many insanely skilled creators to the fullest! -Chenny



I'd like to thank our contributors, the lovely writers and artists whole made this thing happen, as well as the supporters of this zine. Through your generosity, we will be able to donate all proceeds of this zine to the Rabbit Run-Away Orphanage! Please enjoy the zine, I know everyone put a lot of hard work into their pieces! -Brooke

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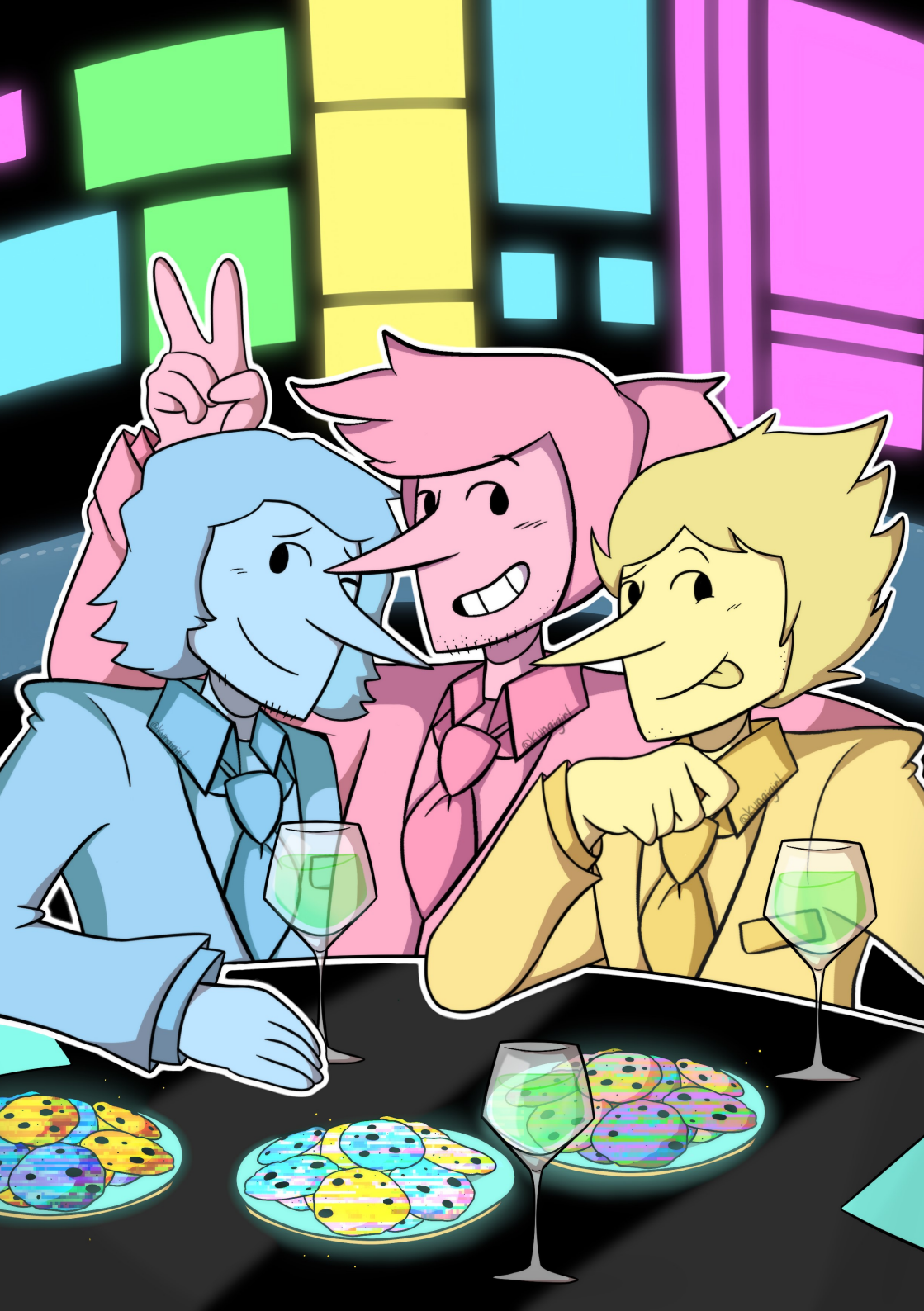
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The background of the page is a light pink color with a repeating pattern of various geometric shapes. These shapes include squares, circles, triangles, stars, and zig-zags, all rendered in a slightly darker shade of pink. The shapes are scattered across the entire page, creating a textured, modern aesthetic.

*Addisons as
friends/coworkers*





hey blue?
y'sure people
wont find out
we're not actually
dating?

(Uhm..you
probably don't
want to say
that so loud...)

PRETEND?
LOVE!

still- thanks for
taking me to
the colour cafe!
too bad the
coupons were
couple only.

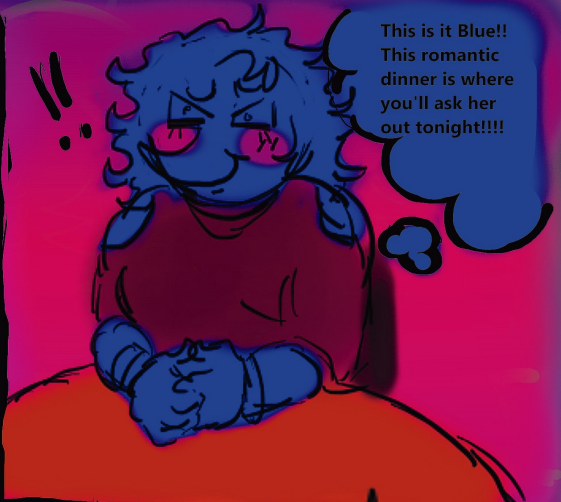
Oh, it's no
problem! Too
bad...haha...

you're the
luckiest addison
i know blue!

Aww, you're
too sweet..!



Ahh..I love
his stupid
face
so much...



This is it Blue!!
This romantic
dinner is where
you'll ask her
out tonight!!!!

Did not ask
her out

AFTER DINNER



YES!!!



hey blue?



was this a date?
you didn't ask
me out first!

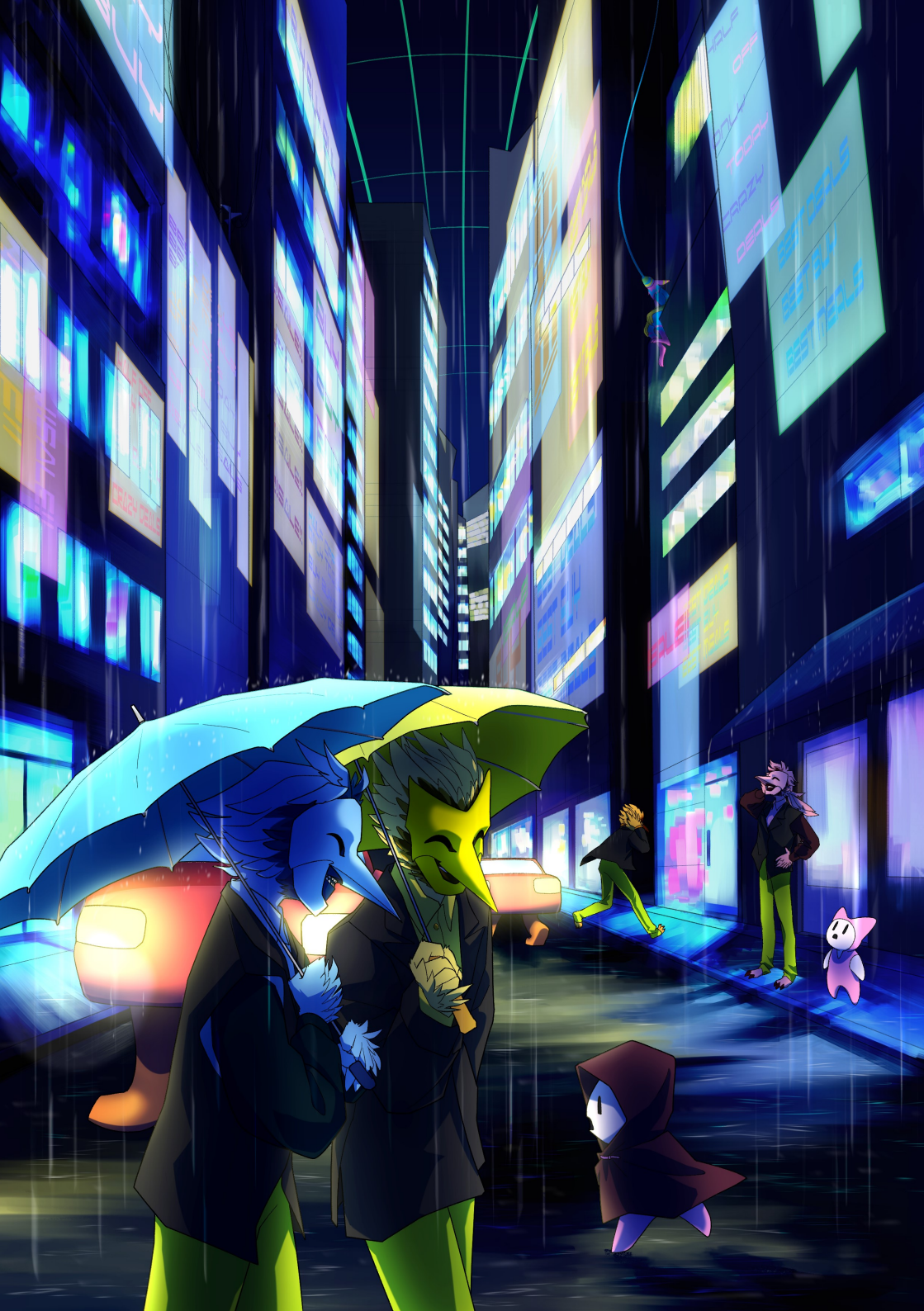
woah- hey there
i was just jokin'
blue, sorr-

ORANGE WILL
YOU GO OUT
WITH ME!!!!?????

CRAASH



END









Look!

NEW

Freeze their
hearts~

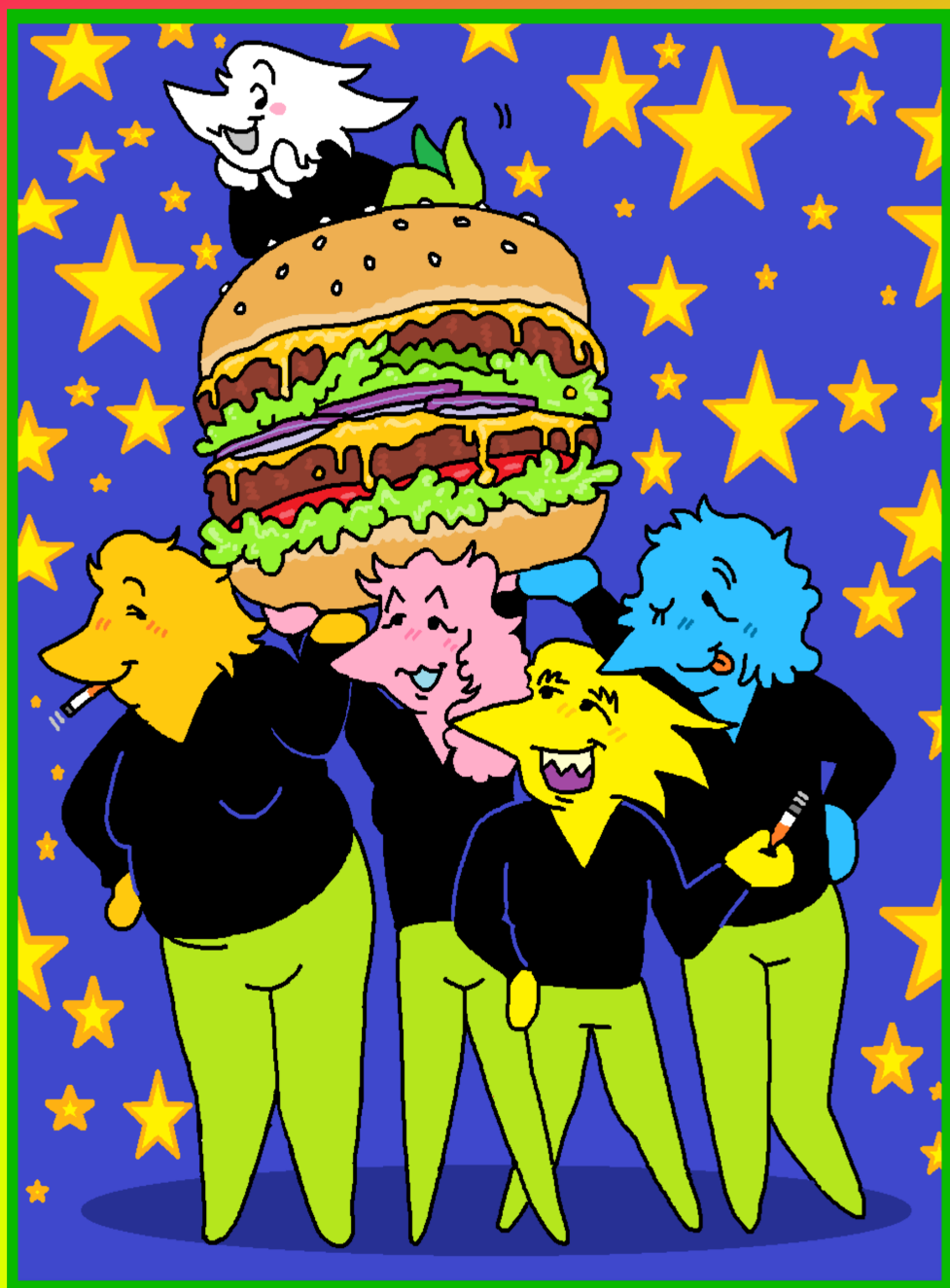
Kit
Dreaming

H
CLI
HER

Shoes

HURT!

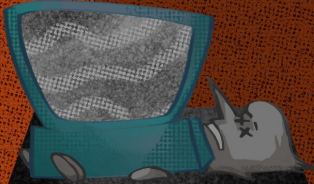
Good.







Mode D'Orange







Cold Nights

Written by Michael



A cold breeze fluttered by, ruffling Clip's feathers as she walked down the alleyway. It was a cold night, soft snowflakes falling on occasion with the wind. However, as she neared the old overpass the temperature seemed to drop even more so. Her eyes fell upon footprints of faint frost nearby, letting her know she was in the right spot.

It seemed as if the world had stopped for them all a few days ago, when they got word of Spanton's failing business. None of them knew what to really do, however Clip forced herself to go and see him on his eviction day. To invite him back if he wished to.

He wasn't there.

Rumors spread across Cyber City in the following days, many discussing if the salesman was even alive. Clip didn't know, part of them refused to believe he was gone but... When the garbled noise from the phone lingered in her mind, she found it hard to believe he was still alive.

They all dealt with this differently. Clip felt hollow, unable to convince herself to do much. Lingering by the windows, watching the sun rise and fall in solemn silence. Sorrel sobbed the first day, then buried herself in their work and sales.

They weren't home all too often anymore, and they all agreed to give Cyber a few more days to recover before they intervened.

Razzmat did the one thing it knew to do, it got up and went looking. They went with it the first two days, then Razzmat insisted the others rest. They would find him.

Then... Gazette. Clip knew they weren't dealing with it well, but that was no surprise. They took Spamton leaving them the worst, and so it was no surprise when Clip found their bedroom messed with and the Freeze Ring gone from its little box under the bed.

And so, here stood Clip, their feathered wings like arms wrapped around themselves as they walked up to their partner surrounded by the chilling air.

Gazette tilted their head back in their direction at the sound of her hooves on the old concrete. Neither said a word as Clip walked up beside them, her head turning to give a worried look to them. Gazette stared back; their eyes closed yet Clip could clearly make out the conflicted emotion on their face.

They took notice of the bright billboard down below the overpass, Spamton smiling brightly on it. Clip turned away from it before she started crying

Clip gently reached out, slowly taking Gazette's hand in hers. It was cold to the touch, and she knew exactly why. The Freeze Ring sat on their hand, sparkling in the low light of Cyber City's fake moon. Ice creeping across their hand, recovering old, healed scars it caused years and years ago.

Gazette gripped their hand back, a shaky breath escaping them before they turned to face her. A mixture of grief and rage covered their face, tears standing in their eyes as they opened their mouth and closed it over and over again. Clip opened their eyes; soft green eyes being met with pure white eyes opening as well.

Gazette stared for a moment, tears finally breaking past their eyes and framing their face. Clip opened her mouth, but Gazette cut her off,

"I hate him." Their voice was barely above a whisper, even harder to read thanks to the sob stuck in their throat. Clip gave them a look,

"Gazette, that's not true-" Gazette bristled and shook their head,

"You don't know that! He left us! He... he got what he d-deserved..." Gazette's voice stuttered near the end, their body beginning to shake as a sob broke past their lips. Clip entwined their fingers and opened their other arm, gently guiding the shorter Addison into the embrace.

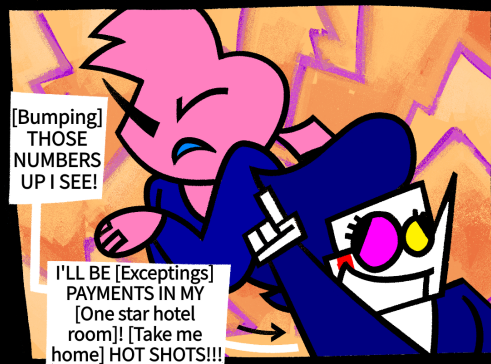
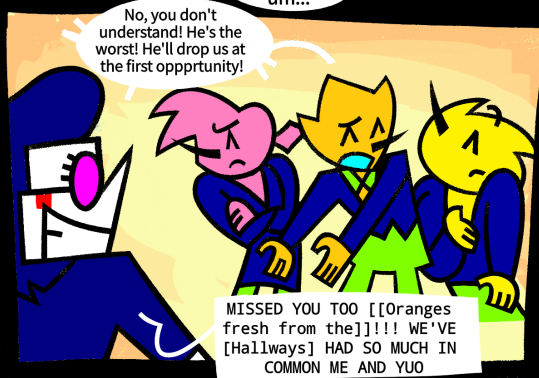
Gazette broke down in her hold, burying their face into her chest and sobbing. Clip pulled Gazette in close, wrapping them in their wings as best they could while keeping a hold on their hand.

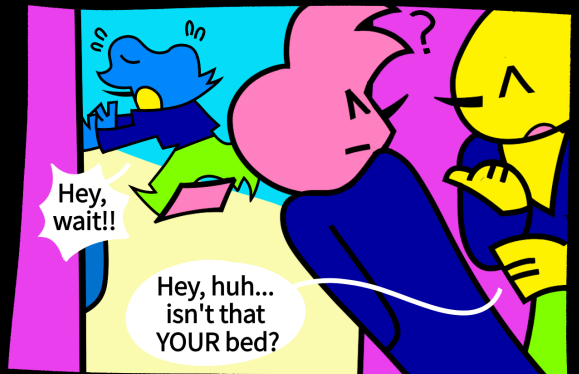
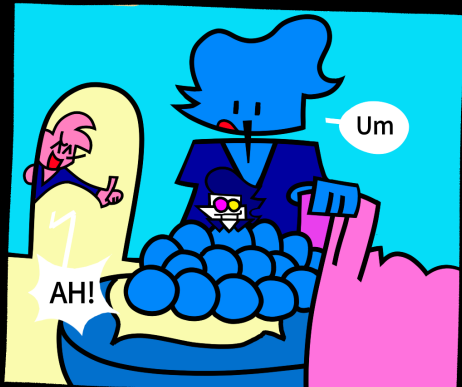
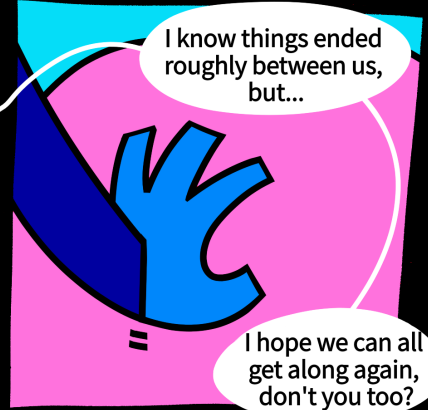
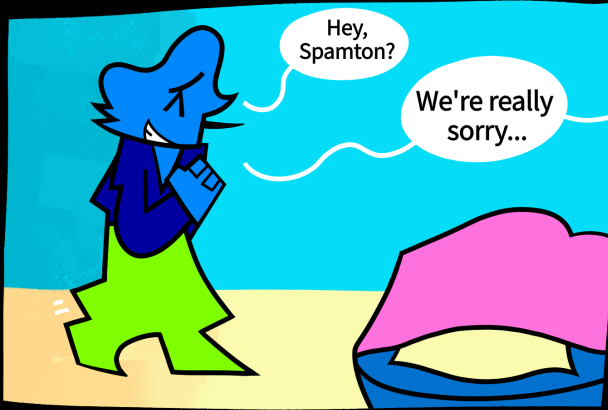
"Gazzezy..."

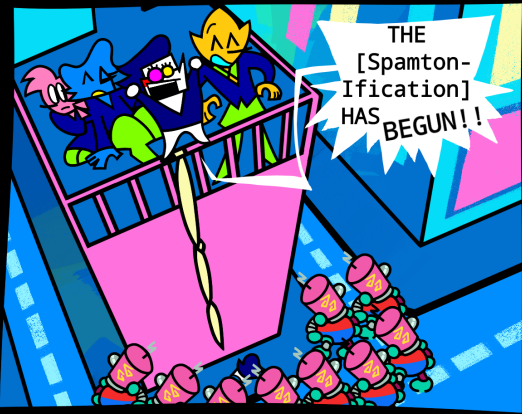
"He can't be gone... He can't be, Clip." Their voice strained to get it out, hiccupping between words as they gripped Clip's sweater.

"We don't know if he is, Gazz." Clip assured softly, "He'll come back... we'll find him, some way or another." Clip had a feeling Gazette didn't believe her, but it still seemed to help soothe their sobbing. Clip wasn't sure she believed herself either, eyes turning away from the billboard below as it flickered out.







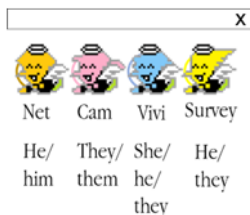






Love

Written by Cam/Nico



When you awaken, the room is dark, lit only by the gleam of the Fountain and something... more. Though it calls to you, begging for you to return home, you are distracted by the larger, grander thing in the room.

Pink and yellow spotlights dart around, attached to a body silhouetted by a gentle, rainbow glow.

"IS IT COLD IN HERE, OR IS IT JUST ME?" The spotlights say, and you go still.

You recognize that voice.

And what you feel...

It is fear, and it is hope, and it is horror, and it is love, love, love, love.

Love for the man with the sky-high dreams, the award-losing smile that'd won your heart. Longing for the days before, when you'd held him in your arms, back in the ad-lit days of 1996.

You love him like you'd never lost him. Like he'd never picked up the phone, like he'd never 'died' all those years ago, like he'd never abandoned you to pick up the pieces of your shattered heart.

"Spamton... please, won't you come home?" They plead, taking him by the hand. A pair of engagement rings sit on the table beside them, simplistic in their beauty.

Cam's is a simple, silver band with a jewel placed snugly upon the top. No diamonds nor opals were available to the denizens of the dark, so Cam made do with a shaped piece of glass.

Spamton's is a band of rose gold with flowers engraved on the outside edge, camellias and lilies carved with a careful hand.

He takes one but does not reply.



It warms you from the inside, this love. A bitter contrast to the snowstorm raging around you, digging daggers into your silicone and threatening to tear you apart. The ice swirls about, gathering strength for the spell your jailer prepares to cast.

Like frost over grass comes the realization that the spell is meant for him.



They sit in their shop, clutching a ring close to their chest. Their grief has changed it; the glass that was once in the shape of a jewel has gone smooth, circular. It has grown foggy and dark, and a crack stretches across its surface.

And still, they pour their hurt into it, bent over and clutching the remains of a broken love as they cry. Eventually, the tears will evaporate away on the floor, returning to the Fountain that created them.

The bell jingles, and blue light fills the empty shop. Vivi approaches her friend, placing a hand on their shoulder.

"It's closing time, Cam. Let's go home." She coos, voice soft as a caress to their grief-stricken heart.

Wearily, Cam nods, allowing Vivi to pull them to their feet. They leave the ring behind in a darkened shop, along with all the memories it contains.

Neither of them notice the man in the nearby dumpster, the ring on his finger growing jagged spikes to match his embittered heart. After all, one does not go searching for the dead.



The Lightner's magic pulls at you, and you scream. She has no interest in your safety or well-being, only your power, and she leaves you trapped in the storm.

Every flake that hits your body tears through the metaphysical, ripping you apart with icy claws, taking what little you have away to power the Lightner's spells. It hurts.

You cry out, you scream, but there is nobody left to hear you.

"May I interest you in a FreezeRing?"

Her Light calls out and blinds them, taking hold of their Darkness and twisting it to her desires. It hollows them out, and they are but a tool, a vehicle for the Lightner's desires.

Cam does not recognize the words they are saying and does not realize that they've offered her their ring, the last thing they have of Him. Cam does not notice the little red spot beside her, commanding her, controlling her.

They spit out a random number, too preoccupied with gazing into her Light to concentrate on the art of the sale. Her focus is on them, and they bask in it, unable to do anything else as their sun-choked mind fills with a static haze.

The Lightners converse with each other, but to Cam, it comes out as nothing but garbage noise.

And then, suddenly, it is cold.

You only catch a glimpse of his terrified face through the glass before the wind picks up and it all

goes

white.

Spamton was defeated...

SNAP

But it's not the end.

In the meantime...

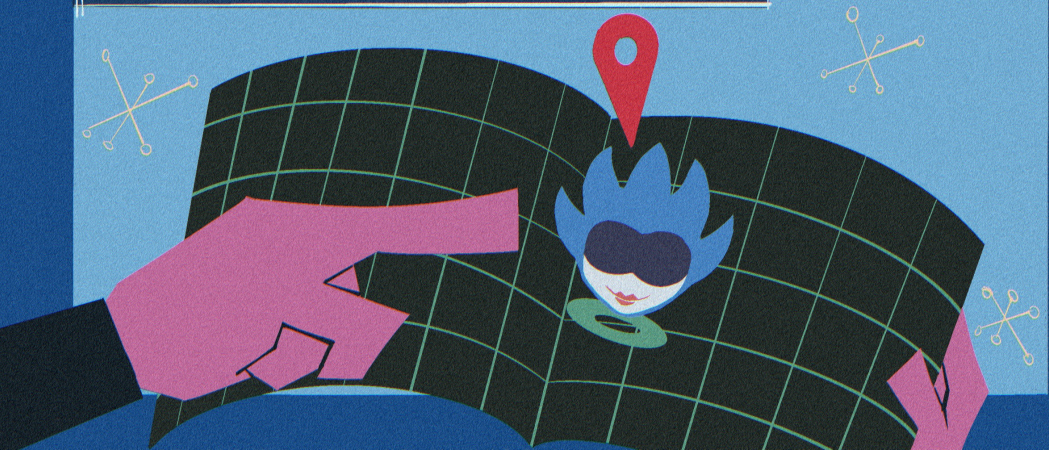
I know you
are here
somewhere!

SPANTON??

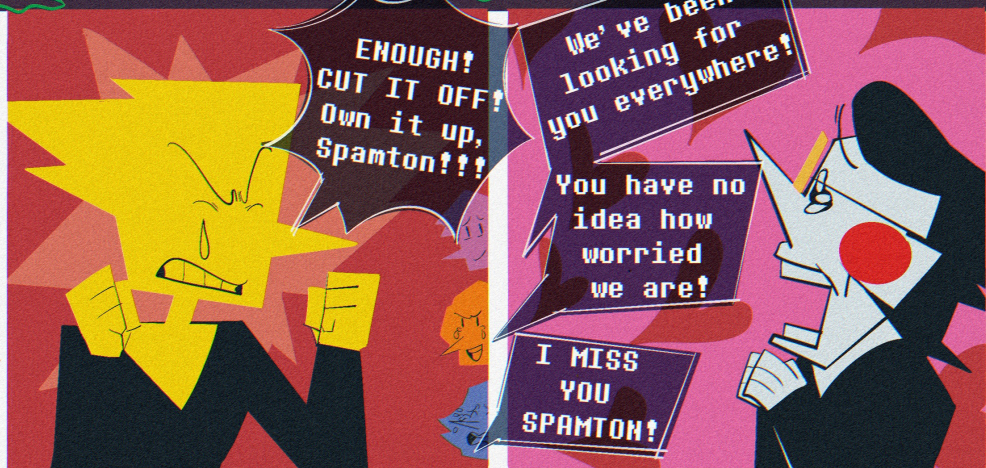




Now there's only one place left...









Addisons as family







Wonn





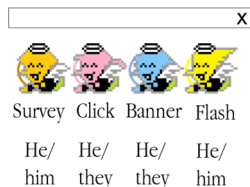






After Work

Written by Miss Archivist



The concrete roof of the apartment was cool, the ever-dark sky of Cyber City lending it no warmth throughout the day. Flash sprawled back on it with a relieved sigh, hiking up his tank top to scratch at his stomach as he admired the unchanging grid of bright green above. After slaving over a hot cash register all day, it was nice to sit back and enjoy the little pleasures in life, like the simple green grid that encompassed their world.

A bottle was dangled over his head, obscuring the evening sky, and beyond it a grinning orange face. "Long day?" Survey asked as Flash snagged the beer bottle and sat up, wasting no time in flicking off the cap and taking a swig.

"Ugh, the longest. I don't know what a 'fidget spinner' is, but I never want to see one again." He downed half the cold drink in one go, then settled it on his knee.

"I hear ya," Survey fell into one of the lawn chairs they'd smuggled onto the roof when they first moved in. It creaked in warning, but held his weight - always a gamble, and it was as like to snap shut on his ass as to let him settle back and relax. "Had a customer demand a refund for a pair of shoes today - he'd been wearing them for years and was mad they finally fell apart!"

"And they stunk!" Banner huffed as he emerged from the roof access door, "I could smell them from down the street!"

"That sounds like hyperbole," Click, balancing a six-pack on top of several pizza boxes, followed him with a grin.

"You're a hyperbole." The blue Addison plopped down beside Flash and stole his beer, taking a swig before sticking out his tongue. "Ew."

"Ew yourself." Flash returned the gesture as he grabbed back his drink. "Just 'cause you can't hold your beer doesn't mean you get to diss mine."

"You can't hold your beer either," Click reminded him as he set the pizzas in the remaining chair - the one with the hole in the bottom from the 'Buffalo Hot Wings' incident.

"Yeah, but I don't blame the beer." Flash threw back the rest of his drink and set the empty bottle aside before zeroing in on the pizza. While he and Banner began arguing over how best to eat it (flat versus taco-fold), Click sat on the low wall that ran the perimeter of the roof and looked at Survey expectantly.

"What?" Survey grabbed one of the cold beers the pink Addison had brought up with dinner.

"Did you give him the refund?"

"Of course I did. It was the only way to get him out of my shop." He grimaced, rolling the bottle between his hands. "And as soon as he was gone I added him to my blocked list."

"You know, others are gonna try that now, since you gave in."

"Then I get a bigger block list."

"That's not going to do your sales figures any favors."

"Well, there's more to life than sales."

Flash and Banner gasped dramatically, argument forgotten at the words. "Blasphemy!" Flash cried, pointing the crust of his half-eaten slice at Survey. "There is nothing more important to an Addison's life than sales!"

"Treachery!" Banner tacked on as he leaned against Flash, hand pressed to his chest. "A betrayal of our very code!"

"Surv's right." Click pointed at the billboard leering at them from one of the neighboring rooftops - a white Addison with slicked-back black hair and an award-winning smile, proclaiming the best auto deals in the city. "Would you rather be like him?"

"Rich, famous, and drinking not-cheap beer?" Flash asked.

"Alone," Click huffed, "Without your brothers, surrounded by strangers who only care what you can do for them."

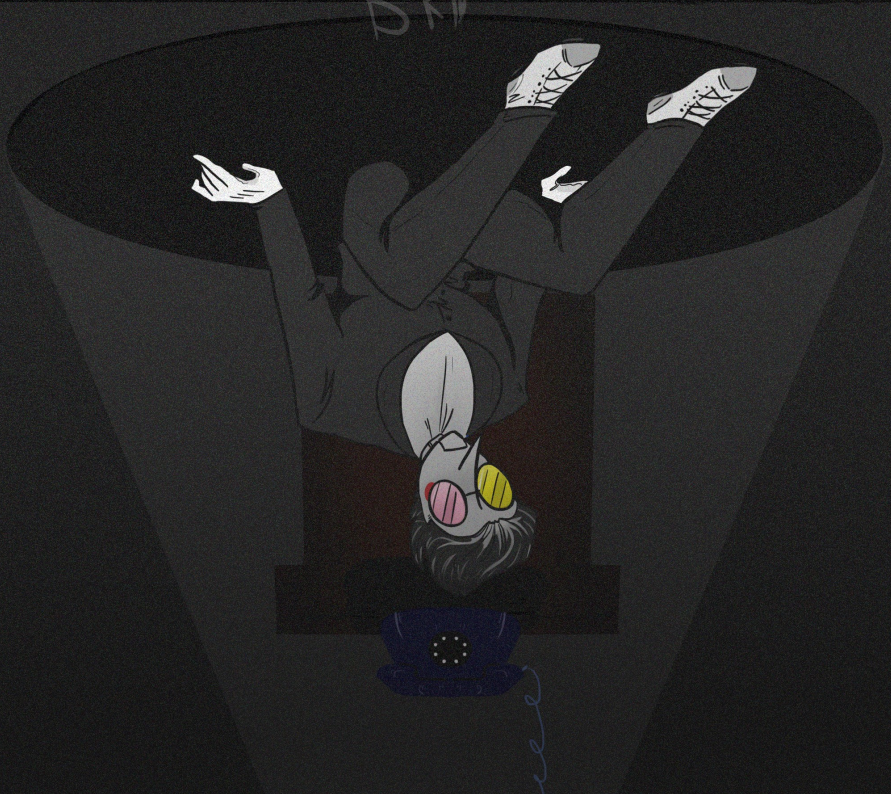
The two frowned in thought, then shook their heads. "Nah," Banner nabbed the bottle from Survey's hands and flicked the top off, ignoring his brother's protests as he lifted it in a salute. "I'd rather be sitting here drinking the cheap shit with y'all any day of the week!"

"Cheers to that!" Flash clinked his beer against Banner's in agreement, and the two looked expectantly at their brothers. Click passed Survey a new bottle and added his own to the toast. After grumbling for a moment and fighting to flick off the cap, the orange Addison thrust his own against theirs, the bottles clinking loudly in the evening air.

"Cheers!"

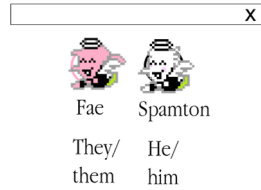






Phishing

Written by Taliax



Addison Hex Code #FFAEC9—Fae, for short—knew the salesman’s art required more than presentation. Any Addison could dress up code in fancy strings, slap on clever hashtags, and garner a few Lightners’ clicks. But Fae knew the *real* secret to success.

Information. Data. Secrets. Gossip spun Cyber City’s circuits, greased the wheels that generated trend after dying trend. And the most delicious info came from the city’s Big Shots. So, it was *maddening* that all they could find about Spamton’s relationship with Queen’s head butler was one smugly captioned photo.

DATE WITH THE HOTTEST BIRD THIS SIDE OF [[Heaven]]!

The photo had been taken in some sort of acid river. The butler reclined in the swan-shaped boat, Spamton on their chest, smirking at the camera.

Fae nearly crushed their smartphone when they first saw it. But jealousy wouldn’t unravel Spamton’s success. They just needed more information. More data.

"Working on your feet all day must be difficult, no?" Fae swirled the ButJuice in their martini glass. "What would you say to a fresh pair of Dating Shoes? They’re good for the sole!"

It was a broad opening pitch. Barely any finesse or targeting. But how could Fae target ads to such an enigma?

Surely Swatch wasn’t dating Spamton for the clout. As head of Queen’s staff, their standing was secure. But it was difficult to imagine Swatch *liking* Spamton, no matter how popular the brat was now.

"No deal?" Fae grinned, though Swatch refused to look at them. The bird was busy chopping limes into delicate slices—with their bare wing, for some reason.

"Friends-with-benefits shoes, perhaps?" Fae spoke louder. Loud enough that one of the Ambyu-Lances at the bar near them snickered.

Swatch's face was unreadable. Those two-toned glasses were harder to crack than the latest AdBlock.

"Soliciting to Color Cafe staff is strictly prohibited," Swatch said calmly, dividing the fruit in a row of iced glasses.

"What? No, it isn't. I sold a pair of Sweeping Shoes to a Swatchling yesterday."

"Yesterday's pinks become today's blues," Swatch said cryptically. To emphasize the meaningless metaphor, they poured pink juice into the glasses, where it cooled to a soft cerulean.

Fae gritted their teeth.

"Fine. No money required." They leaned forward on their elbows. "Just intel for intel."

"You know something worth my time?" Swatch's voice was dry.

Fae inspected their fingernails. They wouldn't be caught sweating.

"Only if dirt on your new boyfriend interests you."

The Addisons were family, but they weren't above knocking each other down. Especially when Spamton had climbed his way to "Heaven," and left the rest of them behind.

Swatch's expression didn't change. They swirled each glass of juice until it was a perfect consistency.

"And in exchange...?"

"Nothing much, angel! Just some romance tips, from an obvious expert like yourself!" They flashed their classic Addison grin.

"You want to know how I ended up with Spamton," Swatch deadpanned.

Fae wanted to know how Spamton ended up with *them*, but it was close enough.

"Who doesn't?" Their grin didn't waver. "Just think of all the merchandise a union like yours—" Swatch's chuckle interrupted them.

"Not an original thought in your whole family." They shook their head. "You're the third of your cousins to pester me this week. Now, if you're finished, I have your tab prepared." Swatch slid the bill across the counter, then stacked the drinks on a tray and glided off.

Fae crumpled the bill in their hands, snarling. The *third?* Spamton's photo had been posted last night! How had their cousins gotten the jump on them?

Ugh. It didn't matter—Swatch must have brushed them away just as easily. Fae downed the rest of their drink and tossed a handful of dark dollars on the counter.



"...they didn't even leave a tip," Swatch finished. "Your other cousins at least paid for their phishing."

"Eahaha. That's #FFAEC9, alright."

Spamton rested his head on Swatch's chest. Their pajama shirt buttons poked his cheek.

"Now I'm curious. What would you tell them, if you were being [[HonestMan]]?"

"Honestly?" Swatch chuckled. "I would tell them that I enjoy a man who is small and pathetic." They nuzzled the top of his head as he pouted.

"Yeah, yeah, we can't all be [[HotSingles In Your Area]]. They should ask why I stay with *you*."

"Because I make an excellent pillow, and you are starved for physical affection." Swatch flicked off the lamp. "Goodnight, Spamton."

Spamton sighed. Swatch wasn't often honest, but when they were, they were never wrong.

"Goodnight, [[Lovebird]]."

The background of the page is a light cream color, overlaid with a dense, scattered pattern of various geometric shapes in a muted sage green. These shapes include squares, circles, triangles, zig-zags, sunbursts, and crescent moons, some of which are solid while others are hollow outlines.

Merch Showcase

SPECIAL THANKS TO OUR MERCH ARTISTS!

GLITT3RPUPPI

Sticker

@GLITT3RPUPPI



GLITT3RPUPPI

Notebook

@GLITT3RPUPPI



LC
Canvas Bag
@PRAGGMATIC
@LC.DAVISON

MAGNUSOPUS
Sticker Sheet
@MAGNUSOPUS



MAGNUSOPUS
Holo Sticker
@MAGNUSOPUS

DANA SANGINARI

Holo Tote Bag

@DANASANGINARI
@REDEYESRETRODRAGON



DANA SANGINARI

Ferris Wheel

@DANASANGINARI
@REDEYESRETRODRAGON

MARMARMIA

Phone Grip

@MARMARMIYA





FINNIE
Sticker Sheet
@FINNIEFORKYS

FINNIE
Keychain
@FINNIEFORKYS



CHILIFLUFF
Sticker Sheet
@CHILIFLUFF



TABBY
Keychain

@TABBYPIGGY
@TABBYPANECITO

TABBY
Fanclub pin

@TABBYPIGGY
@TABBYPANECITO



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Monica - @monicracar

Marmarmia - @marmarmiya

